

LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER IX.

It was late in a sultry, almost breezeless evening in September, 1811, that the ship "Condor," belonging to Laro and his associates, dropped anchor in the harbor of Fort Royal, Martinique.

She had but a single passenger, if such he could be termed; for it was Jean Lafitte, returned recently from a mission which will be referred to more particularly later on, and who had come from New Orleans for the purpose of meeting Laro, whom he expected to find waiting at Fort Royal.

His search proved unavailing, although he ascertained that Laro had been seen in the town; and after visiting several of the places where he was liable to be found, Lafitte went to an inn not far from the wharves, and ordered supper.

Here he sat enjoying the coolness, while he sipped and smoked, when there came to his ears the sound of a voice whose mellow resonance thrilled him strangely, sending his thoughts whirling into the past.

The air was yet vibrating with the hearty tones as the speaker came through the door; and a lamp hanging from the ceiling of the balcony flashed its rays into the face of Greloire.

The recognition was not mutual; for Greloire, after a careless glance at the younger man, crossed the balcony and seated himself near the rail.

Lafitte was, for the moment, undecided as to what to do—whether to reveal his identity, and risk hearing whatever comments Greloire might make upon a name and career which already had become known in two continents, or to remain silent, and thus forego this unlooked-for opportunity for knowing something definite in regard to the man who was still dear to him—he who was now Emperor of France.

by the enemies of France, who thus rendered me unfit for hard service against them, and I am now Monsieur Felix Greloire, attache of the emperor's household. As such I go upon various missions; and my business here relates to the settlement of some matters connected with certain property belonging to her Majesty the empress, who, as you know, is a native of this fair island. A fine place it is, both as to climate and people; but Louisiana is far more to my taste."

Lafitte appeared to observe the irrelevancy of this last remark, for, with a keen look at Greloire, he said, "Louisiana! What do you know of Louisiana?"

"Much—that is, of New Orleans, for I was there several months, in the autumn of 1803."

"I was then absent from Louisiana," said the young man.

"So I learned, when I made inquiries for you. But I heard something of you, and still more in regard to that Spanish rascal who took you away from Toulon, not long before I went there to get you myself."

"What mean you by that?" Lafitte demanded, almost as if resenting an affront.

"This, mon ami," was the slowly and distinctly uttered reply. "That when Gen. Bonaparte, late in October of 1795, sent me to Toulon, in order to bring you to him at Paris, I found that you and Pierre had already gone with Laro, bound for Louisiana."

"Who told you this?" inquired Lafitte.

"A dozen people—Thiel amongst them. I went first to Pere Huot's house, and there ascertained that the good priest was dead. I then visited Le Chien Heureux, and learned what I have told you."

Lafitte turned again from Greloire, and settled down into his chair; and the latter saw the quick rising and

you may ask," declared Greloire; "and I will answer it upon my honor."

Lafitte appeared irresolute, as if the question were of such grave import that he dreaded an unfavorable reply. Then, laying a hand on Greloire's shoulder, he asked, "What said he—Bonaparte, when you told him that I had departed from Toulon?"

"Nothing."

"You have told me all I wished to know, and I thank you," said Lafitte, again holding out a hand, which Greloire clasped firmly.

"Adieu, and bon voyage."

"Adieu, and bonne fortune."

With this they parted; and Lafitte, returning directly to the wharf, ordered the boat's crew to row him back to the "Condor."

Jean had, up to this moment, considered himself deeply aggrieved by Bonaparte's apparent neglect; and, looking at the matter from the standpoint of youth, his ardent, impulsive nature, and his unstinted love for the young officer, his feelings were not without warrant.

But, in the light of Greloire's explanation, the man of thirty could well see how unreasonable and hasty had been the boy of fifteen; how unthinking and rash; how utterly lacking in a proper appreciation of Bonaparte's regard, and of how the manifestations of this was subject to conditions and influences beyond the latter's power to always control.

He thought of Margot, and her words returned to him—when, upon that last evening of her life, she had said that Bonaparte was his good angel, and Laro his evil one.

Truly had her words been proven; for now he knew the former as he was, and would have been, while the passing years had either increased, or made more apparent Laro's coarseness and cruelty.

It was only to the boy Jean that he had ever been otherwise; but latterly something of a change had taken place in this respect toward the man, especially after he had refused to acquiesce in the adventurer's cherished scheme, that he, Jean Lafitte, should take as his wife, Lazalle, the former's niece.

But the young man had, all through his wild life, held within the innermost depths of his soul a sacred shrine, kept closed and pure, where never the love for woman had entered. Over its altar, faded and indistinct, yet his life, lingered the teachings of his foster-mother, and the remembrance of a sunny-faced, blue-eyed girl, who had promised the boy to pray that he might be that which he had so woefully failed to be, or had even sought to attain.

The past rolled in upon him like a smothering flood, until, in a wild tumult of despair, he left his cabin and went on deck. There he heard one of the watch whistling to himself; and presently the man broke softly into the words of the air:

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le monde à la ronde!"

The song brought to mind again the blue-eyed girl's face, and also that of her daughter, the little "Island Rose," whom, late the previous May, he had piloted through the woods, and down the rivers, from her dead mother's home among the Choctaws.

The long, rough journey had given him rare opportunities for sounding the depths of the childish soul so close to nature that it seemed to worship the mother's God through nature, and nature through God.

He was known as "Captain Jean," a friend of her grandfather—as "Captain Jean," whom she found such a charming companion, and whom his escort of white men and Indians respected and loved. She trusted him fully, and their intercourse was free from restraint.

Recalling her now, while he paced the deck, with the troubled water of his soul casting ashore such woeful wreckage for his contemplation, the thought of her white purity, her silvery voice, her childish confidence, brought to him a blessed peace.

(To be continued.)

A DROP IN VALUES.

Changed Conditions Affected Worth of Love Letters.

Henry Clews, the banker, was talking about a stock that had dropped in value.

"Great was its fall," he said. "It was pathetic. It made me think of an incident that happened the other day in an express office."

"To this office a burly, kind looking young man came with a package under his arm."

"I want to express this package," he said.

"The clerk, as usual, asked him: 'What is the nature of the contents of the package?'"

"It is," said the simple-minded youth in a sad tone, 'a bundle of letters from a young lady. I am returning them to her.'"

"Their value?" said the clerk.

"The young man swallowed."

"I don't know what their value is now," he said huskily, "but a week ago I thought they were worth about half a million dollars."

Ex-Governor's Family Aided.

Andrew Carnegie has sent a check for \$5,000 to the committee controlling the fund which is to be used for the support of the late ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison's widow. This brings the fund up to \$13,437. Ex-Gov. Pattison was the only man who ever carried Pennsylvania twice for the governorship. As he was a democrat, this feat is all the more remarkable. When William Slingerley was wiped out financially, Pattison, whose friend he was, was wiped out also. When he died he left his family nothing but mortgage on his home.

The Work of Water

We have as yet many unsolved problems in agriculture, and among them is the work that water must do in the production of crops. We are largely in a mist as to the amount of water needed on land to produce a certain amount of grain or of fruit. The experimenters that have been at work on this problem in various parts of the country can only tell us that they are coming closer and closer to some kind of a general base.

Professor King found out that it took several hundred pounds of water to produce a pound of different kinds of grain; but to produce a pound of apples the amount of water will be found to be very much less. Some of the most effective experiments have been made in New Mexico, at Mesilla Park. To them we are indebted for some very valuable data as to the cost of using steam in the pumping of water, employing wood as fuel. We had naturally taken it for granted that it would not pay to use steam in pumping water for irrigating land. We now know that steam is one of the cheapest agents that can be employed in the raising of water for such a purpose.

But one of the important things that must be settled is the exact work to be laid on water. If the experiments have shown anything it is that the most profit comes when the exact amount of water required is supplied. Every inch of unnecessary water used is added expense. If a good deal too much water is used the expense may be equal to the profit. So it becomes a matter of knowledge and the knowledge is money. The wise irrigator knows that irrigation pays; the unwise irrigator is strongly fixed in the belief that it does not pay.

This truth is coming out in the discovery in a good many localities that less water is required than it was thought would be required for the production of a crop of any particular grain. In New Mexico they are about settling down to the conclusion that twenty-five inches of water applied throughout the growing season, from seeding to harvest, is the most profitable amount. A larger application may increase the yield of wheat, but the increase is made at the expense of a large amount of water, and this water cost is far greater than the value of the increase of the grain. Thus it was found that seven irrigations with five inches of water at each irrigation gave 18 bushels of wheat. That was at the expenditure of 35 inches of water over the whole area. Twenty-five inches of water gave 15.1 bushels. At this rate it took one and two-thirds inches of water to produce one bushel of wheat, while the extra three bushels was produced at an expenditure of ten inches of water or at the rate of three and a third inches of water for each bushel of wheat. Clearly wheat would have to be very high in price to make it pay to produce it at this cost.

Another thing that is being brought out by trials with irrigation water is that water does not sink rapidly into the soil. When thirty-five inches of water were applied to the wheat field none of it sank in deeper than five feet. As soon as the ground could hold it without being more than saturated it prevented its downward movement. This is a help to the irrigator. It prevents the leaching away of the water and it saves the fertility that may be in the soil naturally or that has been artificially applied.

The roots of many plants, including corn, clover and alfalfa, will go down five feet or more and so can make use of all the water applied. In the humid states the land has become saturated to great depths because a little water has been added each year throughout the centuries. But this is not the case in many regions in the west, where the surface soil is hundreds of feet above soil water. In such cases the water moves down very slowly, where it is applied in proper quantities for crop production. If it had the general tendency to move down, as most people suppose, there would be no trouble from the rising of alkali; for in that case the alkali would be carried far below the roots of the crops and would stay there.

But the water sinks into the dry soil for five, ten, fifteen feet or more, dissolves the alkali it finds and then begins an upward movement, being pumped up by the air. It brings up the alkali with it and in evaporating leaves the chemical as a layer on the top of the soil. The work of water is gradually being better understood and it will be made to perform greater tasks than have hitherto been laid on it.

Cowpea Hay for Pigs.

Cowpea hay is coming into use as an adjunct to pig feeding operations. It supplies two things that are needed by the pig—protein and bulk in food. It is difficult on most farms to get cheaply the food that will give protein. Cowpea hay is exceedingly rich in this element. In a state of nature the "bulk" of the food of the pig takes care of itself. But in a state of captivity he is fed chiefly on concentrated grains with the result that his health is often injured, or at least his power to make a good growth impaired. The pig is naturally an omnivorous eater, and should not be made to subsist on a single diet.

Improve yourself liberally, but others sparingly.—Confucius.

EVERY WALK IN LIFE.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer, living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every make-shift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and I must say I was more than surprised and gratified to notice the back ache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold by all dealers or mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Plant Growth.

There is gradually dawning a belief that plant growth is more or less of a chemical process that may be accelerated or retarded by the application of the proper reagents, generally in the form of fertilizers, and that the ultimate growth is usually far in excess of the value of the material applied. This is apropos of some investigations that have been conducted by M. Nagasaka, of the Tokio Imperial university, in stimulating rice growth by the stimulating action of manganese in the form of manganese sulphate. A yield of 37 per cent over a field fertilized in the usual manner was obtained by this investigator and the value of the increased crop was equal to four times the cost of the chemical applied.

African Jumping Hare.

One of the rarest and most interesting of the wild animals in South Africa is the springhaas, or jumping hare. It lives in small communities on the open veldt, both in the plains and in the mountain ranges, and makes large and deep burrows in the ground, whence it emerges toward sunset, being rarely seen in the bright daylight. When chased in the open it proceeds in great bounds like a jerboa or kangaroo, for which its highly developed hind legs are admirably adapted, and is even said to move faster up hill than down. Its food consists of roots and green stuff. Its flesh is good to eat and is much appreciated by the Hottentots and Kaffirs.

Whole Cistern Out of Order.

A story concerning the Rev. Mandell Creighton relates to the time when, as a vicar in Northumberland, he looked after the temporal welfare of his people. He was legal adviser and doctor, druggist and compounder of medicines as well. One old woman was telling the vicar's wife what Dr. Creighton had said to her. "Mr. Creighton, he says it's my digester that's out of order," explained she, "but I say it's my whole cistern."

Ocean Cables.

There are 252,436 miles of ocean cable in operation to-day, and only 38,797 miles are owned by governments. The British cables, which connect London with all parts of the world, have a total mileage of 154,099.

Checklists of Years Ago.

On the walls in the selectmen's room at the town hall in Sanbornville, N. H., hang two relics of the town. Two checklists, one of the date of 1823, the other of 1852.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

Right Food Makes Happy Children Because They are Healthy.

Sometimes milk does not agree with children or adults. The same thing is true of other articles of food. What agrees with one sometimes does not agree with others.

But food can be so prepared that it will agree with the weakest stomach. As an illustration—anyone, no matter how weak the stomach, can eat, relish and digest a nice hot cup of Postum coffee with a spoonful or two of Grape-Nuts poured in, and such a combination contains nourishment to carry one a number of hours, for almost every particle of it will be digested and taken up by the system and be made use of.

A lady writes from the land of the Magnolia and the mocking bird way down in Alabama and says: "I was led to drink Postum because coffee gave me sour stomach and made me nervous. Again Postum was recommended by two well known physicians for my children, and I feel especially grateful for the benefit derived."

"Milk does not agree with either child, so to the eldest, aged four and one-half years, I give Postum with plenty of sweet cream. It agrees with her splendidly, regulating her bowels perfectly although she is of a constipated habit."

"For the youngest, aged two and one-half years, I use one-half Postum and one-half skimmed milk. I have not given any medicine since the children began using Postum, and they enjoy every drop of it."

"A neighbor of mine is giving Postum to her baby lately weaned, with splendid results. The little fellow is thriving famously." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum agrees perfectly with children and supplies adults with the hot, invigorating beverage in place of coffee. Literally thousands of Americans have been helped out of stomach and nervous diseases by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. Look in pkg. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

CAN'T PRONOUNCE OWN NAMES.

"Cirencester" Has at Least Five Pronunciations in England.

"How should Cirencester be pronounced?" I am asked.

Well, this is rather a difficult question to answer. It probably has as many versions as the town of Rheims, or the name of the immortal Samuel Pepys. Having sojourned so frequently in that pleasantest of Gloucestershire towns, I suppose I ought to know something about it. But when I come to think about it, I confess I am somewhat puzzled.

First of all, there is the name spelled. That is in general use in London, and usually adopted by those who never visit the township.

Then you have Cicester. This certainly has antiquity to recommend it. An earnest Shakespearean reminds me that Bolingbroke says toward the conclusion of "King Richard II": "Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire."

Furthermore, you have the name pronounced as rhyming both to blither and to visitor, and there is also the latest version wherein—in harmony with the time-saving and word-clipping habits of the day—the title of the town is shortened to Ciren.—London Graphic.

Kind of Music Government Had.

A certain congressman who takes an interest in musical matters lately presented a bill advocating a larger appropriation for the care of the music in the Congressional Library. He spoke briefly on the subject and after the session a fellow Congressman approached him confidentially.

"I say," he said in a low voice, "I like that bill of yours; but tell me—what sort of music does the government have over there in the library—is it a band or just a hand organ?"—Harper's Weekly.

Greatest in the World.

Arlington, Ind., Dec. 5th.—(Special)—Mr. W. A. Hyson, the photographer, who moved here recently from Sapp, Ky., is firmly of the opinion that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest Kidney Remedy the world has ever known.

"In the years 1901 and 1902," says Mr. Hyson, "and for some time before I was afflicted with Kidney Trouble. My joints were sore and stiff and I finally got so bad I could not turn in bed without assistance. In the Spring of 1903 I was induced, by a friend, to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and after using one and one-half boxes I was and am still completely cured. Several of my neighbors, too, used Dodd's Kidney Pills and in every case they did as recommended."

Cure the early symptoms of Kidney Disease, such as Backache, with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you will never have Bright's Disease.

Obsolete Betting News.

After three months' trial of the results of blotting out the betting news from the newspapers in Ermondsey (London) public library, it has been decided to continue the practice, on the ground that it excludes an undesirable class of readers.

AN INVITING PROSPECT.

Will Canada in the next quarter of a century take the place of the United States as the great wheat exporting section of the western hemisphere? Everything points that way. In the opinion of experts the United States has reached high water mark as a wheat exporting country. The increasing population over there has reached the point when home consumption is becoming annually greater in proportion than the increase in wheat production. As a matter of fact wheat production is decreasing over there as the land becomes more valuable and by reason of the demand for other forms of produce for home consumption. It is said that the wheat crop this year is not more than 70 per cent. of the crop of 1901 and much below the crops of 1902 and 1903. It is estimated that this year the United States surplus for export will not be over 100,000,000, which is less than any year since 1875 with two exceptions. Not only is this the case, but a considerable quantity of the best Canadian wheat is being imported into Minnesota and also Chicago.

All this tends to keep the price of wheat near the dollar mark, and "dollar wheat" is the loadstone that will attract farmers to the Canadian Northwest, where land is cheap and can be farmed on a wholesale basis, particulars of which may be had from any Canadian Government Agent. The reduction of American exports will have the double influence of increasing Canadian production and keeping up the price. It constitutes a rosy prospect for this country, and needs no exercise of optimistic enthusiasm to foresee the near expansion of the Dominion into the actual position of the "granary of the empire."

You may kick, you may shatter a boom if you will, but the hopes of its owner will cling to it still.

A politician roasts on the fence because there are voters on both side of it.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box, 25c.

It takes two to make a bargain, but only one ever gets the worth of his money.

"I had Inflammatory Rheumatism, but I am well now, thanks to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It's my best friend." (Grove's Laxative, Troy, N. Y.)

Society does not seem to have much use for the old man—except to pay the bills.

Wanted RAW FURS all kinds

From all sections of the country. Will pay highest cash prices. A. E. BURKHARDT, International Fur Merchant, CINCINNATI, O.



"You will deliver him a message from me?"

But all his indecision was soon routed by the realization of what was represented by the face and form so close to him, and come to life, as it were, from the dead. The living present seemed to animate the dead past; the reality of Greloire gave actual life to the ideal Napoleon.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said bowing slightly as Greloire looked up; "but I think I had the pleasure of meeting monsieur many years ago, in France."

"Ah," said Greloire, as he turned to the speaker. "May I ask when?"

"Long ago in Languedoc, and Toulon," replied Lafitte, fixing his black eyes upon Greloire's face. "We met at Le Chien Heureux, in Toulon; and the last time I saw you was at the Convent of St. Sulpice, where you were recovering from wounds in the final assault upon the city."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Greloire. "What means all this, monsieur? Can it be possible that you are Jean Lafitte—Lafitte, the pi—"

The word was cut short by a flash from the young man's eyes as a sabre stroke might lop off the hand raised for a blow.

"The first is the name by which I was known in Toulon, and my friends still use it. The second is a title given to me by my enemies, and which I do not recognize as appropriate."

He spoke with stern composure, and with a dignity well becoming his tall, straight figure and refined face, while Greloire stared at him in silent astonishment.

"Which of the two, monsieur, do you prefer to use?" Lafitte added, now taking a step backward, but not removing his eyes from Greloire.

"To call you Jean, as I did years ago," Greloire exclaimed impetuously, extending both hands, which were welcomed by the firm grip of the younger man's sinewy fingers.

"Bien," the latter said. "Let it be so. And you—what shall I call you—marquis, duke, or marshal of France?" Tell me of yourself, and of—Napoleon."

falling of the young man's breast as he folded his arms across it.

Presently Jean, without lifting his eyes, asked, in a stubborn, dogged tone, as though expecting an answer he did not wish to hear, "Do you mean to have me understand that he—Gen. Bonaparte—sent you to Toulon after me?"

"Most assuredly. He, as I have already told you, sent me in the autumn of '95. He supposed you were still under the charge of Pere Huot, being fitted for the career he—our general—had planned for you—one that would keep you close to him, and insure your future."

Lafitte had now recovered—apparently, at least—from the effect wrought upon him by Greloire's surprising intelligence.

"You will deliver him a message from me?"

"With pleasure."

"Give him my homage for his own greatness, and for the splendor he has brought upon France. Convey to him all my heart's gratitude for his kindness and protection when I was a boy, and for what he would have tried to make me as a man. Tell him that I love him, and will ever love him, and that no sacrifice he may wish or accept will be too great for me to make in his behalf. Can you remember this?"

"Every word; and I will repeat it faithfully."

"Adieu, then, old comrade," said Jean, grasping Greloire's hand. "This may be our last meeting, but it will not end our regard for each other."

"Indeed no, nor our thoughts of one another," was the hearty response, accompanied by a tighter clasp of Lafitte's slender fingers; "and I trust it may not be the last, by many, of our meetings."

"Adieu, old comrade."

"Adieu, mon ami."

One final hand-clasp, and Lafitte turned away. But, after taking a few steps, he faced about and went back to Greloire, who stood as he had left him.

"One thing more," said Lafitte hesitatingly; "one more question, which you may answer or not, as you choose."

"I will answer whatever question